

DOES SEX RUIN ATHLETES?

FOR THE MODERN MAN

BOLD

DECEMBER 1954

15¢

ANC

JOANNE GILBERT

**WORLD'S 10 TOP
SPORTS CARS**





Basketball heads for its biggest year.

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The Ten Top SPORTSCARS

*For sheer pleasure of driving,
enthusiasts have turned to that small
power-package—the sportscar.*

THE sportscar, a U. S. novelty of a few years back, is today as much a part of the American scene as its fellow import, gin and tonic. Admirers of mechanical precision, of individuality, of motor car performance and speed, have found in these low-slung, sleek, power-packed cars, the charm and excitement which characterized driving in its pioneer days. In the following pages **BOLD** presents a quick rundown on today's ten top sportscars. Specifications and prices change rapidly, and many models are varied according to customer requirements. All prices and specifications are consequently only approximate.

ALFA ROMEO. For twenty-five years the Alfa has consistently won performance and endurance laurels in Grand Prix competitions. Alfa Romeo today produces two sports models, the more popular of which is the 6 C 2500 Super Sport. The latter is equipped with a 6-cylinder engine



Alfa Romeo.

which, with three down-draft carburetors, develops 115 hp at 4,800 rpm. Transmission is 4-speed, synchro-mesh. Several body styles are available, some designed by Pinin Farina. Prices run around \$10,000.

AUSTIN-HEALEY. The Austin-Healey, with its miniature engine, makes most American family cars look like steam-rollers. It tops 110 mph. Performance specifications: accelerations of 0 to 60 mph in 10.5 seconds, to 80 mph in 20 seconds, with 25 miles to a gallon. The Austin-Healey Hundred sells for \$3,000. It is equipped with an Austin A-90 four-cylinder job, and manufactured by the Austin Motor Company of England.

CISITALIA. This car set the standard for the Italian look in cars—clean, like a guided missile. It is responsible for much of the Detroit experimentation with the new look in cars. The Cisitalia Special Sport Coupe features a 1 1/10-litre, 4-cylinder engine. Performance specifications: 0 to 60 mph in 11.5 seconds. Max. speed 100 mph.

... SPORTSCARS

Special models do 117 mph. The car stands one inch over four feet from the road.

CUNNINGHAM. This is the first contemporary American sportscar to compete in motordom's upper-echelon operations. The first three Cunninghams cost around \$100,000 apiece. Specifications for the C-3 Cunningham: Chrysler V-8 motor, rated 270 hp at 5,500 rpm; approximate maximum speed, 150 mph. Price is about \$8,500, depending on extra equipment. It is assumed that newer models will be equipped with the latest Chrysler K-310 engine (which develops 310 hp at 5,200 rpm) when the latter is available.

FERRARI. The sportscar of all sportscars today, this is the car that enthusiasts mention when asked what car they would choose if money were no object. However, even the so-called "poor-man's" Ferrari sells for over \$10,000. It is so close to the ground that it has been said, by comparison, the low Allard looks like a two-story bus. Its greatest virtue is that every ounce of power is transmitted to the wheels. The "poor-man's" Ferrari, Type 166 sports, features an 89 hp, 12-cylinder V-type engine. Performance specifications: accelerations from 0 to 50 mph in 10.5 seconds; maximum speed, 100 mph.



Austin-Healey "100."

NASH-HEALEY. This sleek, smooth, road-hugger is the offspring of an international marriage between the chassis and bodies of English Donald Healey and the American engines of Nash of Wisconsin. The new model features a 6-cylinder Nash Ambassador engine equipped with two carburetors and delivers 125 mph at 4,000 rpm. Performance specifications: acceleration 0 to 50 in 8.8 seconds; maximum speed, around 106 mph. A special device on this car is a horn-button release which automatically throws the car into lower gearing for special bursts of power, as when passing a car under difficult conditions. Depressing the accelerator automatically restores the higher gear ratio.

JAGUAR XK 120. The Jags of today are descendants of the old SS, which was not a sportscar but a gay light car for sportsmen. A long succession of improved and re-engineered SS cars led to the fast, powerful, roomy car known as the Jaguar, or, more correctly, the Jaguar XK 120 which immediately proved itself in track trials. It acquired a variety of laurels. On three occasions it won the British Sports Car Grand Prix. In France, on the Montlhéry track, it established an endurance record, main-



Jaguar XK 120.

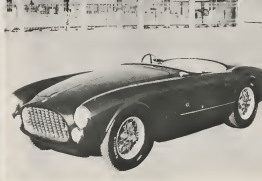


Porsche Sports Special.

... SPORTSCARS

taining an average speed of 107 mph for twenty-four hours of uninterrupted driving. The XK 120 also finished first in the Le Mans 24-hour race. Performance specifications: 3½-litre, 6-cylinder engine developing 160 hp at 5,400 rpm; acceleration, 0 to 60 mph in 9 seconds; top speed, 120 to 123 mph. It is priced at \$4,000.

M.G. The M.G. is one of the few raceable yet comfortable cars that can be bought by a man with a lower-than-leisure-class income. More than 10,000 of them are buzzing around America. To date there have been 39 different M.G. models. The best known probably was the wire-wheeled TC. The current disc-wheel model is the TD. The TD Mark II is similar to the TD, but is in general a more powerful job, with dual valves, larger ports, and other features. Performance specifications: engine, 4-cylinder; acceleration, 0 to 50 mph in 14.4 seconds. Top



Ferrari.

speed, 83 mph. Current price is about \$2,200.

PORSCHE. The late Dr. Ferdinand Porsche, who was sent to a concentration camp when the Nazis took over the German auto industry, was one of the greatest of all automotive designers. His outstanding achievements were the SSK Mercedes and the rear-engined Auto-Union cars which dominated European racing tracks up to World War II. The Porsche engine is mounted in the rear of the car. It is an over-square, aluminum cylinder-block engine with an extremely short piston stroke developing 52 hp at 4,000 rpm. In road-racing and pleasure car driving this car has proved itself again and again. Price of the Porsche 356 is \$3,600 for the hard top coupe; the convertible model is slightly higher.

SUNBEAM-TALBOT. The Sunbeam-Talbot 90, a product of England's Rootes group, distinguished itself in the 2,055-



Sunbeam-Talbot.

... SPORTSCARS

mile Alpine Rally, placing 1st, 2nd and 3rd in the 2-3 litre class, winning in addition three Coupes des Alpes for completing the course without penalty, and a special Coupe de Fidelité for outstanding performance. The new Sunbeam-Talbot 90 Sports Convertible is a 4-seater, 2-door model, featuring a 3-position top which can be folded flat or fastened all the way back in a Victoria position. The engine has four cylinders and develops 70 hp at 4,000 rpm. Performance specifications: 0 to 50 in 14.5 seconds; maximum speed, 87 mph. Price is around \$3,000.

* * *

No resumé of this type, citing the virtues and performances of some sportscars prized by outstanding enthusiasts, can be really complete or do justice to these remarkable cars.

Many of them are available in a variety of models, many with special engines, custom bodies and competition accessories.

The one thing that should not be lost sight of is that these cars are fun—fun to see, and fun to drive. **END**

An early art nude
of Evelyn Nesbit.

"the girl in the

RED VELVET SWING"

RECENTLY the name of Evelyn Nesbit
rose from the past to haunt the
news rooms of the world and connois-
seurs of celebrated American sex
crimes.

Almost fifty years ago, as a glamor-
ous teen-aged New York show girl,



Harry K. Thaw, killer.



Stanford White, victim.



Jack Barrymore, friend.

... RED VELVET SWING

wistfully beautiful Evelyn Nesbit was the central figure of the most fantastic sex-murder trial in American annals. The trial with its sequel was prophetic of the sex-cluttered century ahead. It splashed lurid details of seduction, morbid jealousy, sadism and hints of perversion across national headlines—where they remained, off and on, for some two decades.

Today Evelyn Nesbit is a bright-eyed little old lady—"living quietly," as they say, in California. But the quiet now seems about shot. Evelyn's own story of the case will soon appear as a movie called, for reasons connected with the seduction, *The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing*. And its star will be Marilyn Monroe, the girl who rose to international celebrity by way of a calendar-art nude.

In the early 1900's Evelyn, like Marilyn in our day, posed for "art pictures"—ludicrously tame ones, by our standards. Evelyn's were noted for their melting look of unsullied innocence. The enamored press compared her to "the primroses, the narcissi, the snowdrops." Her "rare beauty"



Early art pictures of show girl Evelyn Nesbit, later Thaw's wife.

was displayed in a show called *The Wild Rose* and she quickly became the toast of male New York.

Taking no chances, her theatrical manager placed her under a contract forbidding her, among other things, to become engaged or married, to appear in any restaurant within a mile of the theatre, to be photographed or interviewed, to appear in any theatre box, to ride in street cars, to attend any private party, to take a pet on the street, to appear publicly unveiled, or to become facially tanned.

Evelyn responded by (1) becoming a *Floradora Girl* and (2) by marrying Harry K. Thaw, an ostentatious young millionaire playboy from Pittsburgh, who made news by dining chorus girls in gross lots.

On the evening of June 25, 1906, Evelyn and Harry attended the cabaret at Madison Square Garden Roof. Present also at a nearby table was Stanford White, a popular bon vivant and America's best-known architect (he in fact designed the Garden itself).

Harry rose, walked to White's table, plugged him three times, left him dead, collected Evelyn and de-

... RED VELVET SWING

parted. As they left, Evelyn gave the world its first sample of her devastating simplicity. "My, Harry," she remarked, "you shouldn't have done that."

Harry's defense was classic: White had been intimate with Evelyn. Evelyn corroborated her husband. She testified that she had been taken to White's magnificent apartment, which contained a red velvet swing—apparently for the beguilement of unsuspecting maidens. There, Evelyn said, she was given knockout drops. Next morning



Architect White had tower apartment in old Garden.



View of Madison Square Garden Roof, where Thaw shot White.

she came to in a mirrored bedroom—unclad and, presumably, ruined.

The odd thing was that all this had happened long before. Harry knew it but just took several years to feel injured. Meanwhile, prior to their marriage, he took Evelyn to Paris. On this trip Evelyn (the press reported her to be "studying") used funds supplied by White.

Another of Evelyn's gentlemen callers during this period was young Jack Barrymore, who during the trial and after gallantly refused to say anything derogatory about anyone involved.

White's death was publicly bemoaned by such popular figures as writer Richard Harding Davis and sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens (who referred to Evelyn as a "woman with the face of an angel and the heart of a snake"). The opposition retorted that White and his friends were "miserable degenerates" and "wealthy libertines."

Anthony Comstock, head of the Society for the Prevention of Vice, came up with the news that Harry had engaged him to spy on White. White maintained not one den "for secret assaults on innocent little girls"—but three. An enterprising paper gave their location on an aerial map of the city. One was in White's tower



Harry Thaw photographed reading in his cell during confinement.



This kimonoed pose of Evelyn Nesbit was considered daring in 1904.



Today Evelyn Nesbit, busy with her sculpture, heads for movie history.

... RED VELVET SWING

at the Garden, another on 22nd Street, another on 24th. According to Harry's mother, a stately matron who wrote a pamphlet about it, "Young girls were lured by their oriental magnificence into these dens . . . White searched for victims untouched by viciousness . . ."

At one point the prosecution itself confused everyone by excoriating the victim, not the killer. And Evelyn didn't clarify matters when, testifying for the defense, she spoke highly—not of her husband, but of her seducer. "Mr. White was certainly a very fine man," she remarked.

Alienists were called in. Harry was found not guilty on the ground of insanity and committed to an asylum. The country pondered the much-quoted "unwritten law." Nobody knew exactly what it was, but obviously it favored injured husbands.

Evelyn returned to the stage and a new installment

of public speculation—this time concerning her vaudeville partner, Jack Clifford.

Harry, after his release from the asylum, was the target of various lawsuits, allegedly for sadistic acts against young persons of both sexes.

Charges and counter-charges continued to be aired in books, pamphlets and the press for years afterward. Thaw himself wrote a book called *The Traitor*. His mother, when the insanity charge inconveniently stuck, entered the fray with a pamphlet entitled *The Secret Unveiled*. In it she accused the original judge and the attorney general of conspiring (at the behest of White's powerful friends) to drive Thaw actually insane in the Tombs.

The last word seems to belong to the little old lady in California—and Marilyn Monroe. **END**



EVELYN NESBIT

AND

JACK CLIFFORD

Directed by H. B. MARSHALL
A 1915 Christmas greeting from Evelyn Nesbit and Jack Clifford.

ABOUT PEOPLE...

by Hy Gardner



Irving Berlin getting a great kick out of working with Marilyn Monroe and Johnny Ray in *There's No Business Like Show Business*. "Makes me feel young again, rubbing shoulders with their enthusiasm!" ... When veteran movie actor Ben Lyon visited Marilyn in Hollywood she gave him an autographed photo (similar to left) bearing this inscription: "Dear Ben, you found me, named me and believed in me when no one else did.

My thanks and love forever, Marilyn." Lyon signed the gal back in 1947 when he was casting director at Fox, paid her \$75 a week, changed her name from Norma Jean Dougherty to Marilyn Monroe.

Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball make almost as much money from their Desilu Productions as they do from *I Love Lucy* ... Jimmy Nelson, doing research for his book on ventriloquism, reports that ventriloquists were once classified as witches and put to death for their offenses.

Pianist Jan August carries a silver flask in his hip-pocket whenever he goes to a cocktail party but nobody asks for a nip—they know it contains buttermilk

... Doris Lilly's book, *How to Meet a Millionaire*, has gone down from \$2.50 to 59¢ in some cut-rate shops; guess they ran out of millionaires ... Art Godfrey isn't concerned that scientists can't agree on exactly how old the earth is as long as she keeps having birthdays.

Lou Wolfson, the young industrial tycoon who's threatening to unseat Sewell Avery as chief of Montgomery Ward, has the bluest blue eyes this side of Arlene Dahl ... The late W. C. Fields never had his initials embroidered on his linen. Instead, guests read the warning: "You Can't Take It With You."

Telegraphic description of Pajama Game's jaunty Janis Paige (r.): She has R.S.V.P. eyes ... Milton Berle says he was the teacher's pet when he went to school—she couldn't afford a dog.

When you press the bell to Hoagy Carmichael's house it plays the opening strains of *Stardust* ... Describing J. Edgar Hoover: Snooperman ... Peter Lind Hayes picked up this ad in a St. Louis matrimonial weekly: "Help Wanted—Male." It was signed "Female."



does Sex ruin athletes?



Maybe not, but history isn't kind to the marriage of the two.

EVER since the male animal first awoke to the realization that a display of virile ferocity sent most women's hearts fluttering, the mixture of sex and athletic prowess seemed exquisitely made for each other. But, alas, it was not the case back in the heyday of Adam and his Eve, and despite the strides of modern medical science, it is still not the case today.

For visual proof of the dangers of trying to mix the two major fields of male exertion, just glance at the records of some of the potentially greatest boxers in the history of prizefighting. What happened to them is

Max Baer does a chorus routine.



SEX AND ATHLETES

what normally happens to every athlete who tries to burn the candles at both ends.

Unquestionably, the most famous fighter who ever tried to supplement his wine, women and song with a career in the ring was the great John L. Sullivan. The Boston Strong Boy went along for seven years on the momentum of the physique nature gave him, but not even his brute strength, which once carried him

Battling Siki when he was at the height of his career.

Just before his death, Siki is fingerprinted after a brawl.



through 75 brutal rounds of fighting, could withstand the nightly toll of the lace-curtained bed-chamber.

While Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney were building reputations as great fighters and fine gentlemen in the 1920's, the man who might have easily beaten them both, a Senegalese Negro, Battling Siki, succumbed to the age-old vices. Scoring a sensational six-round KO over popular Georges Carpentier to win the light-heavyweight championship of the world, Siki could not resist the pleasures of Paris.

With the modern era of boxing, through the 30's and up to the present, the game's lotharios have tended to the more restrained, playboy type, but with the same physically withering results. Although former heavy-weight champion Max Baer was hailed as one of the ring's all-time greats, his prowess and hammer-like right hand punch disappeared in the space of one year.

Today, the current welterweight champion of the world, Kid Gavilan, although given to doing the rumba at the drop of a Bongo drum beat, remains unbeatable in his class. Undoubtedly the exception that proves the rule, the Cuban Keed defies all the rules laid down by history: "Sex and athletes never were made for each other."

END



The rumba, like fighting, comes naturally to Kid Gavilan.



what's so practical about practical

Practical jesters are, of course, the most impractical souls in the world.

What solid citizen would buy up a stock of surplus weather balloons, stuff them in a friend's living room, and inflate them through the window just so that he could chortle at his friend when the man came home and tried to open his door?

Or, what practical, both-feet-on-the-ground citizen would do what a famous Broadway star did when he bothered to cover the surface of his combined ice skating-swimming pool with a ten-inch layer of green Jello, froze it, and then sat back laughing diabolically when his nearest and dearest dived into the pellucid water, only to find the surface semi-solid and gummy?


The equally famous Hollywood star, who installed a primitive outhouse on his lawn and then told his guests that the house plumbing was on the blink so that they would have to use his trick outhouse, was not a practical man. But then, he got a great deal of innocent amusement out of the expression on a guest's face when the star pressed an electrical button and the four walls of the privy slowly spread out and down like the petals of a flower opening wide in the beneficent rays of the sun.

jokers?



Or what contribution was made to the progress of humanity when some Disney employees went to the trouble of emptying the contents of a vegetable can, placing a note in a test tube in the can, and then re-sealing the can and having a grocer sell it to a fellow employee? It was funny when the man opened the can for lunch and found the test tube message which purported to be from a prisoner in jail. It was even funnier ten minutes after the man had said he was going to send the can and its odd contents to Ripley, when a Western Union boy delivered a telegram saying, "I don't believe a damn word of it," and signed Robert L. Ripley.

Most practical of all, probably, is the notorious Hangover Room of a Hollywood producer's home. The producer, as famous for his jokes as his epics, has one room of his baronial castle fitted up with chairs, tables and a bed, all fastened firmly upsidedown on the ceiling. In the center of the floor, which is plastered to look like a ceiling, a chandelier juts upward. An inebriated male movie star coming to his senses in these surroundings, positive that his end had come and that he was stuck to the ceiling in defiance of gravity, went on the wagon after A.A. had failed.



Magician vs. Card Cheat

"My name is Hemingway," said Dai Vernon and then waited, holding his breath.

THE tall, bluff, red-faced businessman type who stood in the doorway was the goal of a ten-month search that had led Vernon through Chicago honky-tonks, pool halls in Kansas City, and finally to the house of this red-faced man in a suburb of St. Louis. The quest had cost Vernon thousands of dollars.

Every field has its undisputed master. Just as Stan Musial is a baseball player's dream, so Dai Vernon is the magician's magician. Vernon can do unbelievable things with a deck of cards. In the narrow field of card table chicanery, his ability to second and bottom-deal has won the admiration of the slickest cheats in the business. In the course of what seem to be two ordinary riffle shuffles, Vernon can bring any selected four-of-a-kind to the top of the deck. And this kind of skill extends to all the other kinds of legerdemain he has studied. He knows and has mastered them all.

Imagine how this magical virtuoso felt the day he



Dai Vernon, master magician.

heard the first whisper of gossip among the big money players on the Main Stem that somewhere in the Midwest a card hustler had invented a brand new sleight—a middle deal. This unknown, unnamed master could deal cards from the center of the deck so they seemed to come flying off the top!

Inspired by the rumor of this fabled sleight, Vernon dropped everything to hunt for the inventor. Vernon's first clue, after many months, led to a Mexican gambler jailed in Kansas City. Seeing the gambler was the next problem, but Vernon solved it by doing tricks for the jailer. He won the Mexican's confidence and discovered that the middle dealer went under the pseudonym of Thompson and lived in a St. Louis suburb.

Endless patience, an open ear and the ability to lounge with town loafers led Vernon to an area where the town characters gossiped about a man named

Magician vs. Card Cheat

Thompson who interested them because of the scale of his living, and the mystery of how he made his money.

That was all Vernon had to go on the day he rang the doorbell and introduced himself as "Hemingway." Everything hung in the balance, for Hemingway is a *nom de guerre* used by cheats to identify themselves to fellow but unknown hustlers in the course of a card game.

Thompson smiled: "Come on in. I haven't seen any of the boys for a long time."

Vernon was over the first hurdle. But ten months' time and a lot of money had been wasted if Vernon could not get his host to reveal the technique of the middle deal. The succeeding hours were among the toughest in Vernon's varied career for, masquerading as a fellow "mechanic," a member of the card shark elite, Vernon had to convince Thompson of his own ability and then try to swap some cherished sleights

for the much desired secret.

The search for the middle deal was successful.

Thompson, overcome by Vernon's pasteboard prowess, showed his secret to the master magician with the understanding that it was not to be revealed to anyone under any circumstances until after Thompson retired from the green baize table.

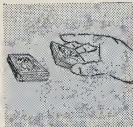
It took three days and nights of assiduous effort for Vernon to begin to master the intricacies of the sequence of sleights that make up the middle deal.

What was the reward of Vernon's patient search? ... a secret that he, and only he, can perform properly—one that is useless to him as a performer, for it has no logical magical use, and that he will not use to win at cards, for he is an honest man.

As a matter of fact, it is almost impossible for Vernon to play cards, for, if he wins, people suspect him of cheating, and if he loses they think he is losing his ability.

But this patient, almost hopeless search that was

1. The cut brings the bottom cards to the center of deck.
2. Cards below the needed ones are buckled.
3. Under cover of projecting top card, middle cards are dealt.



Magician vs. Card Cheat

finally crowned by success is one of the reasons why every magician in the world doffs his top hat at the mention of the man they all call "The Professor"—Dai Vernon, magician's magician.

Advantage of the Middle Deal. Seconds, bottoms, hold-out and other dishonest devices of the nimble-fingered gentry who cheat at cards have been known for centuries. The *Conjuror's Magazine*, published in 1792, contains explicit directions for most of the methods in use today. The drawback to the age-old second and bottom-deal is that they require a cut deck to be restored to its original order before the mechanic can hit number two, or throw a base. The middle deal circumvents this problem because once the required stacked cards are brought to the top of the deck, and the deck has been cut by an innocent spectator, all the middle dealer needs to do is deal the required cards from the center of the pack where they were placed by the cut.

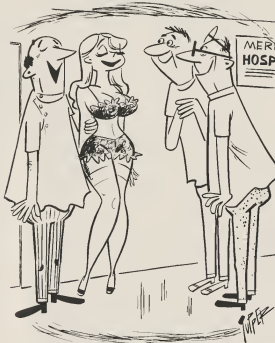
GLOSSARY

Mechanic, hustler, dealer. A technician who cheats by his sleight-of-hand skill.

Second deal. To retain a good card on top of the deck, the mechanic deals the cards underneath it to the other players.

Bottom deal. Having brought good cards to the bottom of the deck, the dealer then deals off the top until coming to his own hand, when he deals the bottom cards to himself.

Middle deal. The deck having been cut, the middle dealer gets his needed cards from the center of the deck.



"This is Miss Foye, Gentlemen. She has come to us for observation."



BOLD DISCOVERS MARILYN'S DOUBLE

*A top Florida model
has a problem —
being herself.*

Your confusion is understandable—but look again. The double-take beauty on these and the succeeding six pages is not Marilyn Monroe.

Her name is Maria Stinger, she is a prospering Miami model, and she understandably wants a look, a name and a style she can call her own.

Her astonishing evocation of America's sexiest glamor girl is no casual resemblance, no one-shot trick of lighting, limb, pose or nose. Rather, Maria seems to possess—not imitate—many of the same qualities Marilyn has, including psychological ones.

Like Marilyn, sunny Maria is triumphantly invulnerable to the treachery of camera angles. The dotting lens models her contours lovingly in all lights. Like Marilyn, Maria fills her polished skin with an infec-





Maria responds confidently to a searching closeup—like Marilyn.



...MARILYN'S DOUBLE

Maria's expansive vitality, like Marilyn's, brings routine bath and bikini shots to persuasive life.

tious vitality, takes the corniest poses with spontaneous grace. Fundamentally outgiving, Maria, like Marilyn, is not only a provocative sight but a positively rewarding one.

During a brief period of irritation at people who said, "You look just like Marilyn Monroe," Maria changed her naturally blonde hair to brunette. People then said, "You look just like Marilyn Monroe. What have you done to your hair?"

Admittedly, Maria has a problem. But *BOLD* also believes, and submits these pictures in proof, that she has the equipment to conquer it.

Teams of alleged look-alikes usually consist of one





In boudoir, on beach, or bicycle, Maria's exuberant joy of living makes hay of customer-resistance—if any.

... MARILYN'S DOUBLE

gleaming original, one gruesome copy. But if you can, for one horrid moment, imagine the current scene minus Marilyn, you'll agree that Maria has the makings of an original. **END**





Al Cervi

PRO BASKETBALL BIGGER THAN EVER

*An Old Pro Looks at the Stars
of the NBA Today*

I STARTED playing pro basketball back in 1937, as a kid in Buffalo, N. Y., and was still pounding the hardwood as an active player at the end of the 1952-53 season, with the Syracuse Nationals in the National Basketball Association.

Coaching the "bandage brigade" (all of the Nats regulars finished the World Championship series with the Lakers, with at least one broken bone) last year in Syracuse was the first time in 17 years that I "rode



by **AL CERVI** as told to **MICKEY GREENMAN**

the bench." In fact, with stars like Dolph Schayes and George King of the Nationals playing with their broken wrists in casts, I probably would have pulled a uniform back on, had our league permitted it. But I'd hung up the "sneaks" and put away the knee-brace after 16 campaigns, and that was that.

In that span of years I've seen a lot of them come and go, as the expression goes. In addition I have been able to witness, first hand, the steady growth of bas-

PRO BASKETBALL . . .

ketball, from the little, back street school and town gyms to its present stature as America's top spectator attraction.

When I became a pro, Allie Heerdts coached our Buffalo Bisons, and he would fill our heads with tales of the old Buffalo Germans and their accomplishments against the Original Celtics and others of that era. Even then, the "round ball game" drew some mighty big crowds, but I daresay the great stars of that day never dreamed that some day basketball would be televised into the homes of millions of Americans during a single Saturday afternoon. This coming season the players in the NBA will be seen on each of 18 Saturday afternoon telecasts over NBC by some 10 million fans. And that doesn't even begin to count the fans who

Cervi still manages to work out with his youngsters.



throughout the winter will be spectators at the games in each of the nine league cities of the NBA, at colleges and schools, at church gyms and town halls.

It is the fan that has made the trend that basketball has now taken. And it is the fan who has influenced the athlete to the point where today we can see the greatest shooters Dr. Naismith's game has developed.

During World War II, I spent better than four years as a physical instructor with the Air Force. For the four seasons before that, and for a few after it, I played with Les Harrison's teams in Rochester, before moving on to Syracuse in 1948. All that time, even with the service teams, each year you could see the lads developing more and more varied types of shots. We began to take more "pops" at the hoop, and those of us who stayed on began to hit the bucket more and more consistently.

The rules changed, the "big man" became more prominent, the fans came in greater numbers—but to me the real change was that each year you had to score more and more. The spectators came to see action. They wanted speed and excitement. They wanted to see those nets mesh, and that meant that the game had to produce the "shooter" who could bring the crowds to their feet and keep them coming back.

Those Rochester clubs I referred to had some of the best ballplayers ever to line up for a center jump. There was Red Holzman, now coaching Milwaukee in our league; Fuzzy Levane, a "smoothie" out of New York; George Glamack, who would go up and clear the boards with the best; Otto Graham and the "blond wizard," Bobby Davies, who's still a star in the major circuit—to mention a few. Opposing us were such great com-



PRO BASKETBALL . . .

The master teaches
the finer points of
the game to his stars.

petitors, with a world of talent, as Buddy Jeanette, Bobby McDermott (who also starred for Rochester), Jake Pelkington and a host of other hoopsters.

We used to joke that some of the guys, when they were guarding you, would even follow you over to the water bucket when you took a time-out drink. And I've seen it actually happen that way, too!

The old timers were stronger defensively than the ball players are today, but how good a job they would do against today's shooters is tough to judge. Yesterday's player barnstormed in day coach, bus or some old jalopy. Today, to meet the pressure of a rugged 72-game schedule in the NBA (and that's without exhibitions, play-offs, etc.), our club travels first class, mostly via chartered airlines.



Bob Cousy's spectacular style attracts more fans each season.

Take a present-day sensation in major league basketball scoring columns like Boston's Bob Cousy; then take a look at Bobby McDermott who had probably the best fall-away set shot of all time. It would be a pretty tough assignment any night, anytime, to play opposite either of these lads. And it's tougher yet to try to compare them. You might just as well get into that age-old argument of comparison between Dempsey and Louis, or Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth.

This much I am sure of about present day basketball: There are more fans watching it than ever before, and they are seeing more action, speed and scoring than in those days at the Buffalo "Y" when that great old gentleman, Allie Heerdt used to shout from the sidelines, "Keep your hands up, Al!"

END



THE GIRLS AT THE WINDMILL

*London puts on
a non-stop girlie show
at "the center of the world"*

WHEN the proper Englishman feels an unquenchable longing for a good girlie show, where does he go?

Possibly you imagine he pussyfoots out of London, heads across the Channel to France and vanishes into the sexy twilight of a sneak weekend in Páree.

Actually he does nothing of the sort. He claps his bowler firmly on his head, grasps his rolled umbrella and marches in broad day to the Windmill, a vaudeville theatre just a few steps off Piccadilly Circus.

The Windmill has one of the most exposed entrances in the world, and the Englishman will probably have to stand in line when he reaches it, in plain sight of

The boys line up
for the Windmill
girlie shows from
noon until night.



...THE WINDMILL



A member of the Windmill's current chorus line illustrates theatre's up-and-at-'em atmosphere, featuring lots of action, legs, scanty costumes.



Harem theme

displays ideal Windmill comedy casting: few men, scads of girls.

half London. Although the Windmill opens its doors at noon and runs girlie entertainment continuously until 10:30 at night (the English call it Variety, and the Windmill calls it Revuedeville), there is seldom a cool seat.

Obviously, what would be dissolute if the Englishman did it in Paris is a time-honored masculine tradition when he does it in London. The Windmill Girls are in fact the modern successors to the famed Gaiety Girls of Edwardian times. If there are fewer dukes at the stage door—fewer champagne suppers and offers of noble hands in marriage—the Windmill Girls today

...THE WINDMILL

have an even wider claim on the affection of Londoners.

It's the Windmill's boast that it never closed during the blitz. In the week of September 7, 1940, there were 42 theatres running in London's West End. A week later only one theatre remained open—the heroically frivolous Windmill. The show went on, its young girls performing as usual and sleeping nights in their crowded dressing rooms. Their courage and spirit was celebrated in Lesley Storm's novel, *Heart of a City*, which was later filmed.

The Windmill seats only 320, mostly males, but as a proving ground for feminine beauty and talent, it exerts a disproportionate influence on London's night life. Today in fact there is a recognizable "Windmill type," explicitly sexy but less buxom than the Gaiety Girl—legger, livelier and notably younger.

The Windmill gives six performances daily. Two complete troupes of girls are readied for each production and perform on alternate days. When a new show goes into rehearsal, the girls tackle their additional rehearsal chores on in-between days. The self-contained Windmill has its own large rehearsal hall above the theatre, plus a canteen which provides the girls' meals and a wardrobe department which designs and produces all their costumes.

The theatre's policy and schedule have been determined for many years by its owner-manager-producer, Vivian Van Damm. With his assistant, Ann Mitelle, he auditions an endless procession of adolescent girls eager to plant their feet on this traditional first rung of the West End theatrical ladder. Van Damm pays acceptable beginners (some of them fifteen years old) a minimum of £10 (\$28) a week. With length of service and ability this wage can rise to £30 (\$84). In America, the



A current production, top. Costume fitting in wardrobe, left. Backstage, above, a fifteen-year-old newcomer.



Small size of theatre insures audience intimacy with stage.

...THE WINDMILL

Equity minimum for singing and dancing girls is \$85.

Girls who meet Windmill standards are given immediate training in dancing, singing, elocution and general stage grooming. The work is hard and Van Damm is exacting. His backstage strictness is proverbial. A serviceman in wartime London cracked that it was easier to pass a Tower of London sentry than crash the Windmill stage door.

The theatre takes its name from Great Windmill Street, a short and narrow thoroughfare which cen-

turies ago possessed a real working windmill. Today the district is the actual gateway to teeming Soho—the maze of tortuous streets, theatres, cabarets, restaurants, rehearsal halls and seamy boarding houses which is London's nocturnal playground.

Here, after dark, fashionable London rubs elbows with Edwardian-costumed spivs and cosh-boys. Suburban respectability, theatre-bound, shares the crowded sidewalks with bleached Piccadilly Commandos on patrol. Just around the corner, if you wish, you can see Dame Edith Evans, Sir Laurence Olivier or Alec Guinness in some of London's most venerable theatres. But at the geographic head of the column, beckoning Londoners to their show-time pleasure, stands the Windmill with its girls, appropriate good neighbors of the statue of Eros at "the center of the center of the world." **END**

Windmill stage door is a neighborhood landmark, a center of theatrical gossip, a gateway to success.





Dark corduroy coat with light flecks, \$23. Checker-board corduroy vest, \$9. Bath McGregor, Lee hat, \$10.

Eisenhower jacket of wool-cashmere blend has Italian collar, pleated action back. McGregor, \$23. Tyrolean hat, \$15.



Xmas cheer by Denis Maunie & Co. Brandy & 4 snifters, about \$8.

Auto Visor Pak holds map, cigs, coins, glasses, etc., \$2.



Luminous flash-light, Sailors Surplus, Inc. Orangeburg, N. Y. \$2.25.

MOST LIKELY XMAS GIFTS

Take a good look at the gifts on these two pages because they're the things you're apt to receive at Christmas time.



A survey of manufacturers turned up these items which stores have bought heavily and expect to be best sellers.



Balmoral sweater of fine Australian and New Zealand wool, \$10. Scot sports shirt of rayon gabardine, \$6.

Coordinated slack set: yellow and black gingham shirt and belt, contrasting corduroy slacks of cognac. McGregor, \$18.



Trip-Kit has shave lotion, talc, deodorant. Kit by Seaforth, \$2.50.



Twin initials by Hickok. Links, tie chain, buckle, \$2.50 each.



And of course—fies! A tree full of them in a variety of styles.



Miss Photoflash



Genita Prince, New York model, displays the special qualities which won her the apt title, "Miss Photoflash of 1954."

I AM A PANTHER

by
MOHAMMED ISMAIL

In Iran, ancient country once called Persia, the Shah's bodyguards are called "Panthers." The Shah is their only superior; all other Iranians look up to them with awe. Panthers are dedicated men, thirty years of whose lives are spent in arduous training that would kill lesser men. Celibacy is their lot from the age of ten to forty, for fear the softer emotions might weaken them.

By the time a Panther is fourteen, he must be able to handle two 50-pound zarats (a kind of Indian club) made of solid mahogany, leather-encased and nail-studded, as though they were toothpicks.

At eighteen, he must be able simultaneously to manipulate two 100-pound shields as though they were light as cork.

I am such a man. I am a Panther. I am shield to the Shah, I am the strong right arm of the Shah. From the moment, on my twenty-first birthday, when I donned the *Baku*, the traditional leather breeches with the ancient Persian symbols of the scimitar and the gourd of life embroidered on them in gold thread, I have been

This age-old Iranian weapon, an iron bar with steel links, can wreak havoc.





A Panther must be able to whirl two clubs like these, weighing 50 pounds apiece, as though made of cork.

Pressing 100-pound wooden shields becomes child's play to a Panther inured to arduous hours of training.

I AM A PANTHER

ready to lay down my life for the Shah.

Gholam Angagi, blessed be his memory, got his chance on August 15, 1953. He, Ibrahim Hussein and I were members of a triumvirate of leaders, changed yearly, who were on a tour of duty when Premier Mossadegh, the "Sick One," went on a rampage against the Shah. We heard that there was a pro-Mossadegh demonstration being planned and, fearing what it might portend, we communicated with General Zahedi, the Shah's personal representative in Teheran. Zahedi stormed, "Mossadegh is crazy!" when he heard our news.

Crazy or not, an hour later, Mossadegh let loose the mob. The trio of which I was part was detailed to guard the Majlis, Iran's lower house of Parliament. We arrived on duty just in time, because a horde of Mossa-





Iran's strong men limber up daily in their own gym in the State

Bank at Teheran. They wear the Baku traditional leather breeches.

I AM A PANTHER

degh-inspired men were marching on the Majlis.

Meanwhile, two truckloads of soldiers had delivered the Shah's message to Mossadegh, forcing him to retire as Premier in favor of General Zahedi. The Shah's soldiers were greeted by a cordon of jeeps, tanks and foot-soldiers. The Sick One's spies had warned him of the Shah's intentions! Outnumbered, the Shah's men were overpowered, and Mossadegh's men began to move on Teheran.

This was when we Panthers were called on in an attempt to capitalize on our prestige with the common people—the mob that was now pressing closer, ever closer to the building we were guarding with our lives.

Thirty-seven other Panthers had been sent to join us as we stood with our backs to the front wall of the

Majlis. Forty Panthers against hundreds of thousands!

We were dressed not in our workaday khaki uniforms and Sam Brown belts, but in our traditional leather breeches, with bare chests and carrying our zarats instead of our usual Mausers.

I had figured that our costumes would catch the mob's attention, and they did. Panther Angagi took the lead in our plan of attack. Twirling his two 50-pound zarats like batons, he roared, "Long live the Shah!" and began to work his way into the crowd. We other Panthers took up the cry and followed in his wake. The crowd faded away from us, for the whirling zarats had lethal orbits.

Shouting our cry, weaving in and out of the crowd, we began to hear some of the mob picking up our pro-Shah slogans. Laughter, too, was heard and for the first time I entertained a slight hope that our preposterous

I AM A PANTHER

crusade might pay off.

The enemy sensed that the tide was beginning to turn in our favor, for out of the corner of my eye I saw a lean figure leap out of the crowd at Angagi. As a dagger descended at Angagi's heart, he brought his two zarats together on either side of the assassin's head. The man fell to the street with blood spurting from his ears and Angagi continued on his way roaring, "Long life to the Shah, death to his enemies!" as though nothing had happened.

I don't know whether it was this demonstration of the death-dealing powers of our age-old weapons, or what, that suddenly caused the fickle crowd to begin to switch sides.

But from the moment that Angagi's assailant fell to the ground, the pro-Shah sentiment began to swell. Even on the periphery of the gigantic mob that hemmed us in, I began to hear our slogans echoing back to us. "The Shah is king, there is but one Shah!" Angagi took instant advantage of this switch and bellowed, "To the house of Mossadegh!"

His shout was picked up and soon the shapeless mass of humanity began slowly to move towards the house of the deposed premier.

But this was before Angagi had really earned his title of Panther. For as the sentiment began to swing to our side more and more, a Tudeh fanatic snapped a throwing knife through the air. I saw a glint of steel, and Angagi fell, the knife protruding from his back. The fanatic leaped on him, another knife lunging at Angagi. I saw Angagi force himself up on one arm, and with his last breath bring his zarat down on the murderer's head. Then killer and killed lay still in the white hot sun.

Picking up Angagi's last cry, "On to the house of the

Sick One!"—I led the mob away from the Majlis. But when we broke into Mossadegh's mansion, our prey was gone. The wily old Sick One had seen what was coming and escaped. But the mob wreaked its fury on the house, tearing it to pieces.

Returning to General (now Premier) Zahedi, we learned that Mossadegh had left not only the city, but the country. Our Government was safe in the Shah's hands. We Panthers had done our duty once more. We had conquered an enemy of incalculable size at the cost of but three hundred lives. Eight of these were Panthers. Theirs had been a proud end. I almost envied them, for I am a Panther and it is my fate to live—that I may some day die for the Shah.

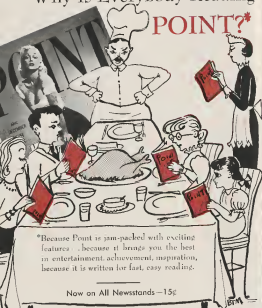
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